

Good Morning 308

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

I GET AROUND- Ron Richards' COLUMN

I WONDER which memory remains longest in the minds of all the correspondents who visit depot ships.

The W.R.N.S. who ferry them across the water; the unfailing foul weather; the ward-room; the lower deck messes (if they get to see them); the embarrassing salute when they first board; the shyness of officers and crew alike; or the food.

Personally, the depot ship I remember confounded me; it was like a Rob Wilton joke that takes people round and round and delivers them back to the starting place knowing as much as when they started.

The ward-room, I think, would be difficult to remember; though on a clear day one might be able to recognise one's relations if they were on the next couch; it has always been so smoky, I really couldn't accurately make a description.

My lasting memory is the matiness of ratings when they got to know I was neither officer nor spy.

THE spectacle of a rather depressing individual walking along the gutter carrying a sandwich-board with a text on it, or confronting a football crowd with "Prepare to meet thy God," probably does more harm than good, said a minister.

He was the Rev. F. Howell

on the cap, together with the emblem of the red lion of Scotland.

The regiment also has a piper. He is a Pole, but he can play the pipes amazingly well.

FROM a Canadian soldier I hear that the Union Jack which the late Archdeacon F. G. Scott used in countless religious services in the field and trenches during the last war, in France and Belgium, was removed from St. Matthew's Church, Quebec, where it was deposited after the war, to drape the padre's casket when he was buried, with full military honours, in January.

WINNER of London Transport's £10 prize for a Billy Brown couplet asking escalator passengers to "Stand on the Right" is E. F. Worley, of Borehamwood. His winning entry was:—

"Here's another bright suggestion:

Standing right prevents congestion;

On the right it's "Stand at Ease,"

On the left it's "Quick March, Please."

Over 7,000 entries were received, 25 per cent. of them from members of H.M. and Allied Forces, among them an

THERE are 163 qualified, whole-time tattoo artists in Britain, according to Somerset House figures. Nearly all of them are working at top speed, drawing designs on people, with human flesh as their canvas, for the craze to be tattooed is one which becomes even more popular in war-time.

"For five bob you can go away with a bluebird holding a scroll lettered with 'Mabel,' or any name you like. Or if you like you can pay periodic visits and be tattooed all over. I charge by the hour for that," one tattoo artist told me.

"It is all nonsense that tattoo marks can't be removed, provided they've been done by a British artist," another man told me. "I can prove it in three days—on you."

I chose a small design, and the tattoo man got to work at once. After the arm was gently washed with carbolic soap, shaved and wiped over with petroleum jelly, the artist took up his needle, just like an ordinary fine sewing needle, but fitted to the end of an electric buzzer which vibrated so fast that it felt smooth as it pierced the skin. It wasn't a painful sensation, but a sort of dull ache spread over the arm after a few minutes.

With firm strokes the artist outlined the design, then filled in the scroll with blue, red and green; after another wash with antiseptic solution it was bandaged with spotless lint. Lads who have their designs tattooed in some foreign ports, notably Latin-American ports, have had poisoned skin because there was no antiseptic washing; also, foreign dyes are not so easy to remove.

"Give the skin two days to rest," said the artist. "On the third day come back, and I'll show you how the marks can be removed."

On the third day he repeated

By John Knibb

the process, but this time not using a dye on the needle. The top layer of epidermis was gently removed, then a thin film of ordinary skin ointment applied, and the part bandaged.

"Removing tattoo marks made by foreign artists, where deep dyes are used," I was told, "is no job for an amateur. If you don't know a tattoo artist locally, go to a doctor. One of my best methods of removal uses salicylic acid, and is not dangerous if done under a doctor's care. I will explain this method, as it may be a boon to many people who were tattooed when 'merry' and who now want the marks removed."

"Salicylic acid is massed with gelatine until it is a sort of dough. This compress is then smeared over the marks with a wooden spoon and held with adhesive plaster. After a few hours—perhaps half a day—the epidermis is sufficiently removed, and a second application takes away the marks. But you MUST keep everything scrupulously clean, and you must not dabble in any method without a doctor's advice about the acid strength."

"Certain Continental tattooing methods use deep dyes. Tattooing, anyway, is partly a chemical and partly an abrasive process, but it goes deep and affects the whole epidermis."

War has brought new trade to the tattooist. Thousands of people come in to have their identity numbers or blood groups indelibly printed on them. Commandos are good customers, and so are Canadians.

Many of them want badges on their arms. Some ask for Winston Churchill's head on the body of a bulldog. Others want the swastika with a dagger through it. But the old favourites, where hearts and



good-luck charms intermingle, are still "tops."

War-time tattooists' work even takes them to beauty salons, for they can give the palest cheeks a permanent rosy flush or make the most anaemic lips a glowing red. A tattoo needle can even put eye-shadow on normal eyelids, and several famous "E.N.S.A." stars who found trouble in make-up while on Middle East tours were tempted to have blue eye-shadow applied by tattoo.

Some women like to have butterflies tattooed on their shoulders, or spiders for luck.

At present there's a craze for tattooing in war factories. At least three girls from one North Country aero factory have portraits of bomber pilots tattooed on their wrists. Another girl, when she realised how quickly and painlessly tattooing can be done, said: "It would be a bit of fun if I had a picture of Hitler done so that I could sit on him while turning out parts for Lancaster bombers!" It was duly done!

Getting her Identity number

THINK THESE OVER

I don't set up for being a cosmo-polite, which, to my mind, signifies being polite to every country except your own.

Thomas Hood.

Change is not made without inconvenience, even from worse to better.

Richard Hooker (1554-1600).

Glory be to God for dappled things. Gerard Manley Hopkins' "Pied Beauty."

NEWS FOR A.B. PHILIP BERRY

MUM seemed shy to be in the picture, A.B. Philip Berry, when we took this photograph of your sister Nora and brother Lawrence, in The Byeways, Longbenton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

But when she peeped round the corner to see what was happening, click! went the shutter, and she was on the plate. Anyway, we know you would like a peep at her, too, so it works both ways.

Young Lawrence is full of his boxing activities, which he learned from you, and judging by the tricks he gets up to he is certainly a real boy at heart.

For instance, when Mum planted some carnations recently and left the garden for a few moments, young

To support their claim, they recall that during the eruption of the volcano Krakatoa, Dutch East Indies, in 1883, stone particles, dust and ashes were thrown into the air and spread over vast areas of the globe.

These caused sunsets of hitherto unknown brilliance in all parts of Britain for three years after the eruption.

AN iron boiler weighing half-a-ton, requiring four men to carry it, has been stolen from Braintree rest centre.

Men at work—obviously!

Ron Richards



Nora had only just returned from work when this picture was taken, and sends a message—"Hurry up and learn to dance!"

All's well at home, Philip, and all send their fondest love.

Good Hunting!



Everson, minister of New Bar-net (Herts) Methodist Church, and he told the Publicity Club of London that the parsonic voice was one of the most cruel afflictions to which the poor people of the country were subjected.

The Rev. Everson himself speaks with an admirable, clear-cut conciseness that makes his usually lengthy sermons easy to listen to.

SPECIAL permission to wear the Royal Stuart tartan—a rare honour, last conferred on the Cameron Highlanders—has, I hear, been granted by the King to a Polish regiment.

The regiment is one which, in 1940, took over a section of the Scottish coast in the coastal defence scheme.

This regiment will wear the tartan in the form of a flash

Australian V.C. During the last week of the competition, entries arrived at the rate of 650 a day.

They came from actresses, clergymen, doctors, a Knight, a Member of Parliament, and a William Brown, who submitted fifteen entries on one postcard.

Three suggestions were submitted by airgraph from an R.A.F. corporal in India. He learned of the contest from a paragraph in the Services newspaper, "Contact."

DAY and night bombing of Germany is believed by scientists to have produced the flaming, many-hued sunsets seen in Britain recently.

They think that the phenomenon is caused by the terrific amount of dust and debris hurled into the atmosphere during Allied air attacks.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

When tea was introduced into England in the 17th century it cost between £6 and £10 a pound weight, and practically all of it came from China. Indian tea came later into favour. Green tea and black tea differ by reason of the method of their drying, the former being roasted after but a short exposure to the air, and the latter after a much longer exposure. Before the war, our consumption of tea was over 9lb. per head every year.

Legal tender of gold is good in England for any amount, and so are Bank of England £1 and 10s. notes. Silver is legal tender only up to 40s., coppers up to 1s., and farthings up to 6d.

QUIZ for today

- Does the white or the yolk of an egg become the bird?
- Which of the planets is inhabited?
- When you say "kith and kin," what do you mean by "kith"?
- When you sing "Coming Through the Rye," do you mean getting drunk, coming through corn, or crossing a river?
- Is a petrologist a man who deals in petrol—or what?
- In New York Harbour the Statue of Liberty holds a torch in one hand. What's in the other?
- The "Bertillon System" is used by blind people, crooks, photographers, police?
- Do you believe that thunder turns milk sour?
- A Thespian is a man who lisps, a native of Thespia, a religious person, an actor?
- What is the difference between a tortoise and a turtle?
- A dendrologist is an expert dentist, a man who cures baldness, a woodland historian?

Answers to Quiz in No. 307

- Falcon.
- (a) Charlotte Bronte, (b) Sinclair Lewis.
- Wolf is extinct in England; others are not.
- Glasgow to Crewe; 243 miles.
- Uncle.
- 1865.
- Jargonelle, Jasmine.
- Sir Percy Blakeney.
- His voice.
- "Errors and Omissions Excepted."
- Pretoria.
- Maritana, Marriage of Figaro, Magic Flute, Meister-singers.

JANE



"Give him the first Endorsement"

NATERO continued to murder and steal, until Colonel Lynne arranged an armistice with the bandits. Then he was pardoned, together with Bolito, Martin Guerra, and a lot of rascals all ripe for a little tincture of lead. Natero was even allowed to keep his arms.

Then he opened a gallero, or cockpit, as Hagual, on the Porvenir sugar estate, and supplied the labour for the grinding season. Each of the labourers had to oil Natero's dirty palm or remain unemployed. Money was flowing in at the rate of 500 dollars a month, but that was not enough for him. He set up a gambling establishment and fleeced the poor peons every pay-day, which unsettled them and interfered with the work.

One of the estate's private police strolled in one day and shot Natero dead, and the whole republic smelled a little cleaner. There were no mourners at that patriot's grave.

Some of the doctors at the Higüey hospital used to make a little money by taking outside cases, and I interpreted for them. Among them was a newly qualified man whom I will call Goldstein. He was the most avaricious, miserly individual it has ever been my bad luck to meet. It was easier to pull the back teeth out of an elephant than to get money out of young Dr. Goldstein.

One day he called me over, saying "Come and see this peach of a tetanus case I'm treating! I'm getting a hundred bucks for the job! A friend of the tetanus bird has guaranteed it!"

But it turned out that the friend had not got a hundred dollars, or any money at all. I was called in to arrange a settlement, and asked the man if he could pay in kind. Had he anything of value?

"Oh, yes, señor," said the man. "Up on my farm I breed fighting cocks. I have more than a hundred gallos."

"What are they worth?"

"Two dollars each, señor."

"All right. Bring the doctor fifty, and we'll call it square."

I hung about until a country cart rolled in, loaded up with game-cocks. Then I

EL SEÑOR BURKY

The Exciting Life
Story of a
Roving Adventurer

PART XVII

shouted, "Here you are, Goldstein! He's paying you in fighting cocks—fifty of them at two dollars a head! Where are you going to put them?"

The doctor came out and danced about the road with rage, yelling, "No wanta the rooster! No quiere the goddam rooster! Savvy? You give the dinero, the plata, the bucks! See? Or I'll shoot a tetanus bug into you that will stop your monkey business!"

So the man took his fighting cocks back to his farm.

Some time later Goldstein confided to me a new scheme he had found for making money. There is a Dominican coin known in slang as a clavao, a sort of cartwheel larger than an American dollar-piece. At that time the clavao was worth twenty American cents. But the wily doctor had sent six of these coins to an uncle in Providence, Rhode Island. The uncle had melted them down and found that each contained twenty-eight cents!

worth of silver. That was enough for Goldstein.

He went round to each shop, rum shanty and store in the town, buying up every clavao they had. When people asked why he wanted them he said they were used in the camp as poker chips. The agent of the Bank of Canada, Oscar Valdez, told me that the crazy American doctor had cleaned up every clavao in Higüey.

He had two trunks full of them when orders came transferring him to Quantico, Virginia. Pack-mules and horses carried the doctor and his belongings the thirty miles to La Romana. He had insisted on a strong escort of marines, with whom he was not very popular. Somehow they had got to know what was in the heavy trunks.

The going was slow, and it was already dark before the procession reached the narrow trail which lies between Gato and La Romana. One of the marines edged up to the mules carrying the trunks of money and gave them a sharp prod with the point of his bayonet. The brutes reared, lashed out with their hind legs, and sent everybody running out of their reach.

The lashings parted from the pack-saddles with suspicious speed, and the trunks crashed to the ground, where one of them burst wide open. The trail was littered with clavaos, while hundreds more rolled into the undergrowth. Almost weeping, Dr. Goldstein started to gather up his treasure, striking matches and scrabbling on his hands and knees.

He spent the best part of the night salvaging, and even then

With Our Roving Cameraman

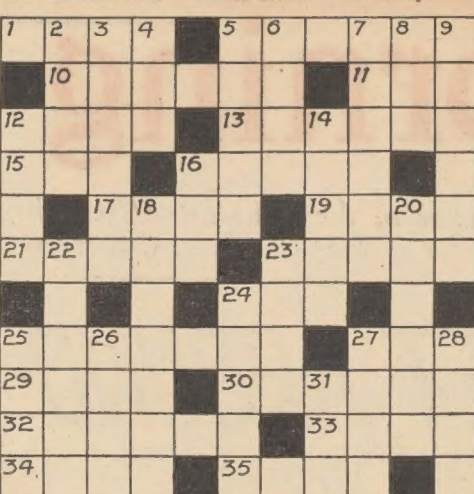


DEATH OF A SHARK

And a whale of a death, too. This one was a 27-footer, a sun-bathing shark, caught by the hardy sons of Aran, the island off the west coast of Eire—or Ireland, as it used to be called. The reason for the dive of this monster was that he wanted to head off the boat and upset it; but his rush was broken by the swift tightening of the ropes. Shows you what some men do for a living.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Wild beast. 5 Relays.



CLUES DOWN.
2 Wind instrument. 3 Boat. 4 Tree. 5 Indian soldier. 6 Listen to. 7 Yellowish-brown. 8 Dram of liquor. 9 Puddings and pies. 12 Old pronoun. 14 Part of coat. 16 Obstruct. 18 Not severe. 20 Gold lump. 22 Use of ridicule. 23 See. 24 Stair post. 25 Spill. 26 A distance. 27 Nautical cry. 28 Spoken. 31 Neuralgia.

10 One entrusted with goods.
11 Declining.
12 Pleasure journey.
13 Sense of taste.
15 Bird.
16 Antiseptic salt.
17 Tenacious earth.
19 Shut.
21 Show.
23 Planet.
24 Nothing.
25 Solid.
26 Past.
29 Vicacity.
30 Ram.
32 Fruit.
33 Jot.
34 Saucy.
35 Fine and intricate.

SCRIPT RAGE
ALONE DOWEL
LEG GARBLED
TAUT CUE SE
RIOTED PER
D SEE GAY S
ASH AVERTS
MI SPA CHEF
ANEMONE ORE
SCOUT MANGE
KENT RUSSET

he was a good many clavaos short. Everybody laughed when he reached La Romana, but he went aboard his steamer like a man with a broken heart. Probably he never smiled again.

About that time a young lieutenant named Howard fell in love with a farmer's pretty daughter who lived near the camp, and went to see her whenever he could. One night he did not return, so we went out with torches to look for him.

We found his body at a spot where the trail narrowed and wound through thick bushes. Then we heard groans, and found a wounded bandit who had crawled into the bushes. He lived long enough to tell what had happened.

Pedro Nunez, the bandit, had learned of Howard's habit of visiting his sweetheart, and had hidden with some followers in the bushes. As Howard had passed in the darkness Nunez had leaned out and driven a knife through his skull and brain. Before he had died, Howard had been able to draw his Colt and shoot the bandit we found. Seeing that he was mortally wounded, his companions had walked off and left him.

Nunez was captured and killed by Captain Perez, of the Guardia. Then, near Yuma, one night, Lieutenant Waddell caught Secundino Sanchez, who had also been present at the ambush of Howard. Waddell brought him in and gave instructions that he was to be taken to Higüey and handed over to the Provost-Marshal. But Lieutenant Oechinero, who was in charge of the post, said, "Take him into the bush and give him the first endorsement." A major gave him the endorsement.

In 1922 the American forces began to think about going home. A pact was arranged, by which the Dominicans elected a provisional President and Government, to hold office for two years, during which period the constitution was to be reformed. Then a constitutional President and Government were to be elected, and everybody was to live happy ever after.

A rich sugar-estate owner named Vicini Burgos was elected President, and the Military Governor sailed back to the U.S.A. on October 24, leaving the Dominicans to their own devices. Acting on instructions, he had adjusted the chronometer of sane administration, and handed it into the monkey-house. It might work for a little longer, until the apes thought out the best way of dealing with such a nuisance.

Burgos was the best President the republic ever had, but he did not suit the natives. They thought the Golden Age would dawn with the departure of the Americans, and were bitterly disappointed to find the President an honest man, opposed to graft and jobbery. That a revolution did not break out

at once is probably due to the fact that the patriots had got out of practice during the American occupation. They had almost lost the knack of it.

However, there were only two years to wait for the election, which was the next best thing. General Horacio Vasquez was the favourite candidate, being a man after their own heart. He had started his political career in the approved fashion, assisting to assassinate a President of the republic. For twenty years he had coveted the office of President, prowling about the presidential chair like a cat round a barrel of herrings.

All that time he had been plotting, canvassing, intriguing and fomenting revolutions. He had changed sides, jumped the fence, turned his coat, and issued fiery patriotic pronouncements with one hand on his heart and the other in the pockets of his fellow-countrymen. How he toured the country promising the electors jobs, pensions, large gold clocks and second-hand trousers in return for their free, incorruptible votes!

(To be continued)

WANGLING WORDS—263

- Put a prayer in REION and make a memory.
- Rearrange the letters of HANS NATURE and make an opera.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: GNAW into BITE, BILL into GOAT, CASH into MINT, KIND into CARE.
- How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from RECONNAISSANCE?

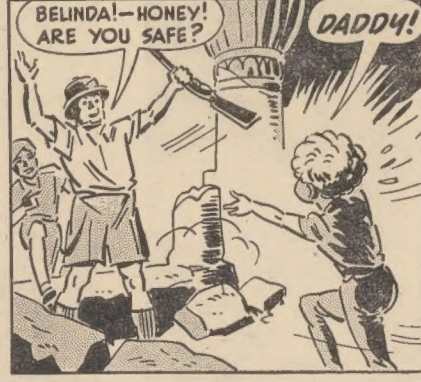
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 262

- VOLcanoes.
- ANTHONY EDEN.
- DEEP, DEED, FEED, FEND, FIND, FINE, FIVE, DIVE.
BEAN, BEAT, BENT, BEND, BIND, BINE.
BLACK, SLACK, STACK, STICK, STINK, STINT, SAINT, PAINT, PAINS, PAIRS, HAIRS, HEIRS, HEARS, BEARS, BEARD.
BULB, BULL, BALL, WALL, WAIL, WAIT, WATT.
- Core, Role, Lore, Tore, Rote, Tier, Tire, Coin, Riot, Loot, Tool, Lent, Lien, Lion, Lens, Rest, Stir, Rots, Rent, Tern, Colt, Toll, Lots, Loin, Lone, etc.
Score, Cores, Loins, Lions, Store, Stole, Corns, Scorn, Snort, Tiler, Rites, Stile, Notes, Stone, Coins, Lines, Tines, etc.

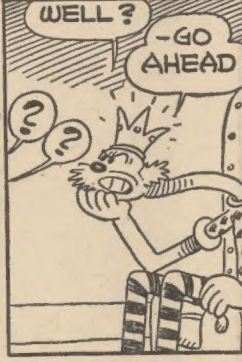
BEELZEBUB JONES



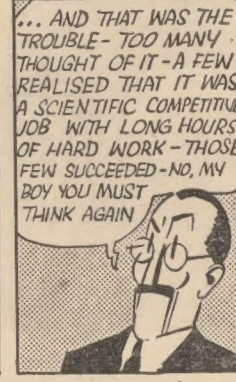
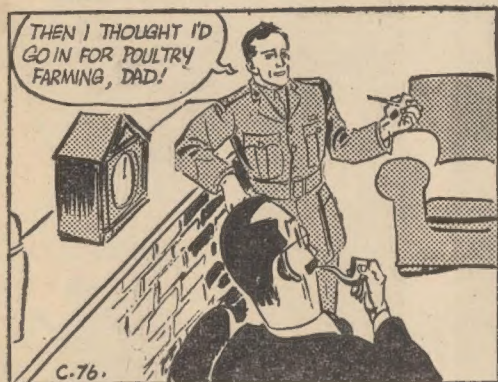
BELINDA



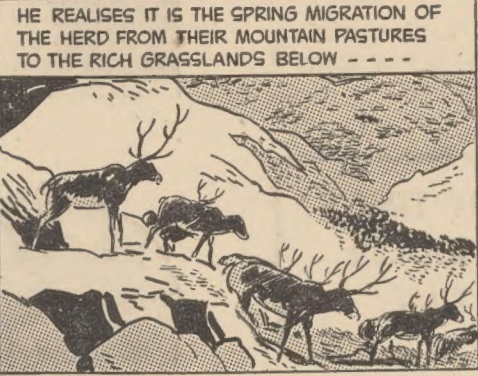
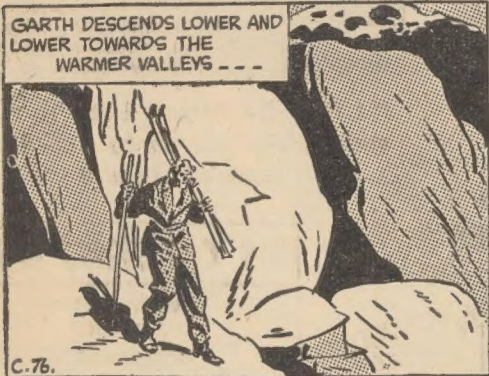
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



HOW YOU NAME A STREET

By MARTIN THORNHILL

THREE of the principal avenues in Teheran are to be re-named after the Big Three—Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin. Many people would like to see the example followed, at least in the case of Mr. Churchill, in some of our own cities.

The idea raises the query: How came the streets of the world's capital by their names? There's a story behind nearly every one of them.

Piccadilly received its name from Piccadilla Hall, a place of sale for "piccadillies," a part of fashionable dress worn at the beginning of the 17th century. It is one of London's few street names which have preserved their original spelling unchanged.

A lot of people imagine that Fetter Lane, off Fleet Street, must have had some connection with the fetters of criminals. But that's far from right. Charles the First's time knew it as Fewtor Lane, since it was the haunt of idle folk who came to be classed as faitors, fewtors, defaulters, or beggars.

In the rapid pronunciation of names, Fewtor got corrupted to Fetter.

Threadneedle Street was originally Third Needle Street; Samuel Clarke referred to it by that name when he wrote that he had his study in that famous thoroughfare.

Marylebone was St. Mary-on-the-Bourne, or the Old River, "bourne" being Old English for river, a term that still survives in Scotland and the North.

In Maiden Lane an image of the Virgin Mary used to stand when the Catholic faith was predominant in England. The oft-seen sign of the Maiden Head was, in fact, derived from "Our Lady's Head."

Nearness of churches or religious orders is obvious from such names as St. Pancras, St. Giles, the Temple, Whitefriars, Blackfriars, and Whitechapel.

Crutched Friars was Crouched Friars or Crossed Friars. Mincing Lane used to be Mincheon Lane, from the Mincheons or nuns of St. Helen's in Bishopsgate Street.

All around St. Paul's Cathedral are streets with names bearing on the custom of pre-Reformation days when churches organised processions to St. Paul's.

Chanting the "Paternoster," the pilgrims would wend their way along Paternoster Row, entering Ave Maria Lane to the strains of the "Ave Maria." The Creed would be recited as the procession passed along Creed Lane, finally reaching Amen Corner before entering the Cathedral.

Smithfield, after a lapse of several centuries, still essentially retains its original calling. The name is a perversion of Smoothfield, Smooth being the Saxon equivalent of Smith.

It was a plain field then, where "every Friday there is a celebrated rendezvous of fine horses, brought thither to be sold. Thither come to look or buy a great number of earls, barons, knights, and a swarm of citizens. It is a pleasing sight to behold the ambling nags and generous colts, proudly prancing."

The historian who wrote those sentences, Fitz Stephen, describes elsewhere what was probably the first horse race in this country, held on this site, between seven and eight hundred years ago.

Markets for the sale of other commodities evidently thrived also in Cornhill, Candlewick, Poultry and Bread Street; also in Gracechurch Street, originally Grass Street, from its one-time herb market.

Some streets bear the names of the wealthy or influential persons who resided there. Gutter Lane was Guthuran's Lane, from its first owner, a wealthy trader; Billiter Lane from its builder. A Jew who had quarrelled with his Gentile community built a street of houses at Bethnal Green, and named it, out of spite, Purim Place, after the Hebrew festival.

The ancient gateways of London have bequeathed their titles to adjoining streets—Aldersgate, Moorgate, Bishopsgate, Aldgate, Newgate, Cripplegate. Others were claimed by the River: Millbank, Horseferry, Old Ford, Rotherhithe, and the Strand.

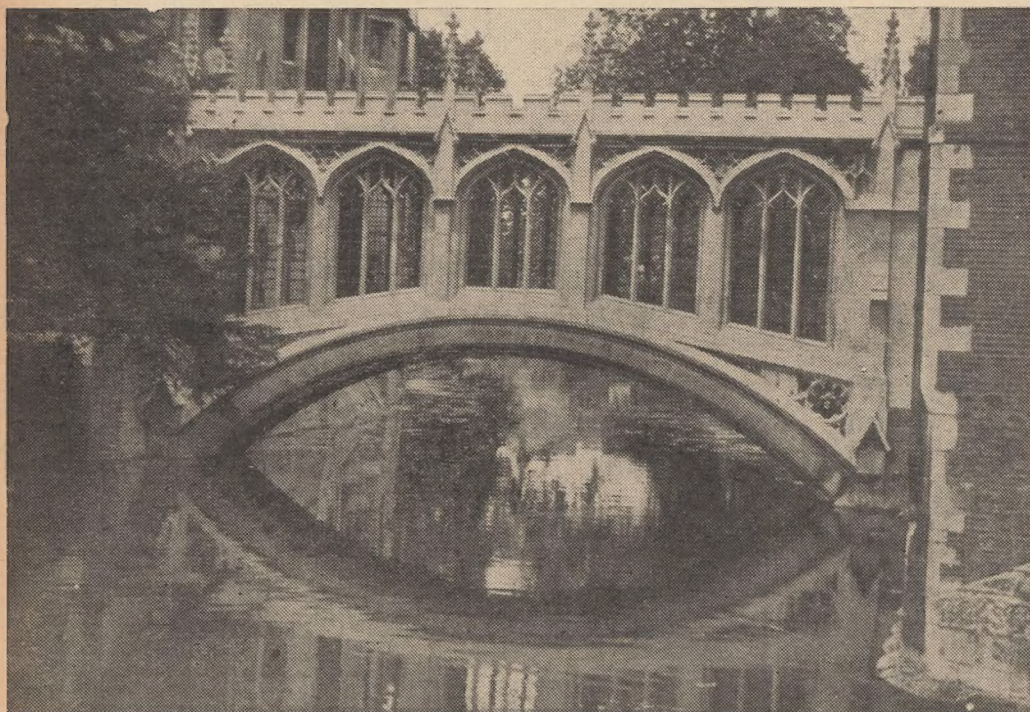
The Strand was the scene of the early forms of football, which was played also in other main streets. Whole districts played each other, turning out hundreds a side, the ball being a giant push-ball a good twelve feet across.

London itself derives its name from the Scandinavian "lund," a grove suitable for worship. The earliest invasion of Britain was about 2000 B.C., by the Norsemen, so what was more fitting than that they should call the place where they had decided to settle Lunden, as being in a favourable position for religious devotion?

Send your—
Stories, Jokes and Ideas
to the Editor

Good Morning

VERY "MEAN" TIME
 "Seems mighty strange to me, but I've got more over now than I had when I emptied both clocks."

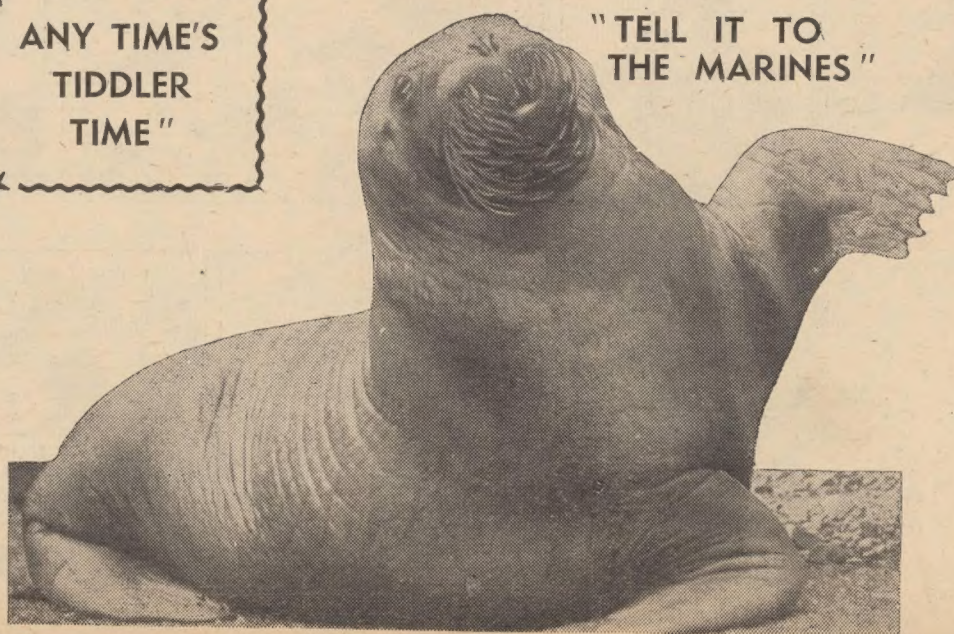


This England

Not so famous as the one in Venice, nor so fatal to cross. England's "Bridge of Sighs" at Cambridge.



ANY TIME'S TIDDLER TIME



"TELL IT TO THE MARINES"

THE KIND OF GIRL WHO GIVES US "HAY-FEVER"



Esther Williams playing in "Andy Hardy's Double Life."



"I may be an ass, but I'm not such a big one as to pull that blinkin' load."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Putting punch into his argument."

